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DUROVERNUM;

WITH

Other Poems.



BY

ARTHUR BROOKE.



London :

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1818,

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To

Francis Pierrelace, Esq.

This Volume

is

Dedicated,

by

His Friend.

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ERRATA.

Page 17, Stanza I. line 8, *for* (.) *read* (,)

Page 59, (Notes) line 7, *for* "Derovernum," *read* "Durovernum."

DUROVERNUM;

A Poem.

ADVERTISEMENT.



THE following Poem makes no pretensions to the title of a complete and regular description of Canterbury, but merely of those objects which may be supposed to have occurred in a Night-walk in and about that City, with the consequent reflections on each.

The general reader will very probably be surprised at the omission of some

things, which perhaps may not have escaped the attention of the Author, but which he might consider incapable of being treated poetically, at least in the style and tone here adopted.

Durovernum.

ARGUMENT.

Address to the Setting Sun—to Night—Subject proposed—Dane John Field—The Castle—Martyr's Field—Moonlight—St. Martin's Church—Ruins of St. Augustine's Monastery—The Cathedral—Tomb of the Black Prince—Of Henry IV.—Casaubon—The King's School—The River Stour—Day-break—Conclusion.

DUROVERNUM.

I.

FATHER of life and light! who from the birth
Of Time or Nature, with that glorious eye
Hast quickening gazed upon the subject earth,
As through the boundless deserts of the sky
Thou mov'st in solitary majesty;
Soul of Creation! whose parental care
Doth, like a visible God, to all supply
The springs of their existence. Thou shalt share
With thy Creator's self, the wide world's ceaseless
prayer!

II.

All that thou see'st, O Sun, is thine; to thee
Earth and its habitants one voice shall raise
Of grateful adoration, and by me
Once too was hymned thy glory, power, and praise.
And if it seems that now I coldly gaze,
Upon those beams which gladden all beside,
If in thy worship my dull heart delays,
It is not wilful blindness, scorn, nor pride,
But that the founts of love in me are parched and
dried.

III.

I have more loved to watch thee at thy fall
Behind the western mountains, and to view
Thy sable follower spread her gradual pall,
O'er the dim scene, till all things took the hue

Of my own spirit ; and thus in me grew
 A hatred of thy broad obtrusive ray,
 Which brought no blessing unto me, but drew
 My hush'd thoughts from their sanctuary away,
 Into the hateful toils and duties of the day.

IV.

Night! let me be thy votary! and thou,
 When I appeal to thee in converse lone
 At thy deep noon, still hearken to my vow :
 Since every dearer moment I have known,
 Under the shadow of thy wing hath flown ;
 Thine was the welcome hour which set me free
 From the world's vulgar drudgeries, thou hast
 shewn

Things which the light shut from me, and to thee,
 All that I am, O Night! I owe——whate'er that be.

V.

Thou, when my days, like the neglected sands
Of a brief hour-glass, ebb'd in hopeless haste,
Benignant gavest into my youthful hands
A chalice from the fount I burn'd to taste,
But which I deemed Fate had for ever placed
Far from my barren path; then, by thy aid,
If I might haply yet redeem the waste
Of my past years, I shrunk into thy shade,
And by the lonely lamp, my last, best, pastime
made.

VI.

All hail, dear Muses! if I did not gain
In my sweet wanderings o'er your classic ground,
All that I sought, the search was not in vain.
If in the lore I loved there was not found

Aught that might heal the deep and fatal wound
 Of a crush'd heart; yet, if it dulled the sense
 Of selfish suffering; if awhile it drowned
 In streams of Castaly, thoughts too intense
 For my weak brain,—it was my study's recompence.

VII.

This is not now my theme; but as I stray
 To breathe the richness of this evening hour,
 And gaze upon the Sun's declining ray,
 Which gilds the greenness of this ivied tower;
 While the light breeze scarce bends the saffron
 flower,
 Which freshly springs above the mouldering stone,
 As if in mockery of Time's wasting power;
 Here as I wander, pensive and alone,
 My mind's eye turns within—my musings take this
 tone.

VIII.

But let me rather weave into this song
A record of the scenes which round me rise ;
Not for the love I bear them, for among
The varying objects which in other eyes
Look lovely, or are bound by the soft ties
Of natural affections, there are none
Which my perverted spirit now will prize ;
Within these walls my life as yet hath run
A joyless course, and may, till its last days are
done.

IX.

Here will the stranger no memorial meet,
Of names which ne'er can fade, no classic trace
Where he may lingering pause, and oft repeat,
With heart high-swelling, " This is the proud
" place

" Where men have dwelt, whose memory lends a
 " grace
 " To History's dull page, whose deathless words,
 " Time from the book of life shall ne'er efface;
 " Or such as drew for Freedom their just swords,
 " And from the groaning land swept off its tyrant
 " lords."

X.

Nought such will wait him here: yet he may
 wander
 O'er the rude footsteps of Barbarian war;
 And in their proudest shrines may fitly ponder
 Upon the faiths which once *have been* or *are*.
 And though the haughty spires that shine from far
 Claim now more reverence from the passer-by,
 The ruined abbey, shattered in the jar
 Of clashing creeds, will, to the thoughtful eye,
 A deeper lesson yield of frail Mortality.

XI.

Of these hereafter. Now the sunken sun
 Scarce tinges the horizon's farthest bound,
 And Twilight, stealing with her mantle dun,
 In silence closes the wide prospect round.
 I stand alone upon the mighty mound, ⁽¹⁾
 By the rude Dane upthrown; and where the
 alarms
 Of his fierce war once rung, a calm profound
 Now broods, as if the din of hostile arms
 Had never yet profan'd this valley's peaceful charms.

XII.

Scourge of our suffering Isle! from the fell North
 Breathing destruction, like a locust cloud,
 Denmark her countless armaments poured forth,
 Before whose strength the feebler Saxon bowed

Down to the dust; and while the invader proud
 Ravaged remorseless, and the prostrate land
 With the best blood of its defenders flowed,
 Here too was levelled the resistless brand,
 And Durovernum ⁽²⁾ sunk beneath their murderous
 hand. ⁽³⁾

XIII.

In ashes sunk:—but like Earth's giant son,
 Fell but to rise more vigorous from her fall.—
 Those days are past; her battles all are done;
 Calmly she now may view her crumbling wall,
 And sleep secure, fearless of foreign thrall.
 Ne'er may she feel a Conqueror's force again!
 Though now ⁽⁴⁾ her offspring, deaf to Freedom's
 call,
 Forge for themselves a vile domestic chain,
 Which they may sometime curse, and writhe under
 in vain!

XIV.

Before me rises, in a mass of shade*,
 A frowning fortress,⁽⁵⁾ whose vast walls were
 reared
 By the first Norman whom our sires obeyed;
 A wretch who sought not to be loved, but feared:
 May kings whose sway, like his, is unendeared
 By mercy, find, like him, their thrones a hell!⁽⁶⁾
 They *must*; unless their vassals' hearts are seared,
 And, callous by long slavery, the spell
 Which guards them will be broke—'tis virtue to rebel!

XV.

These battlements, which would have braved the
 storm
 For years unnumbered, now are rent away
 By ruffian slaves, whose sordid hands deform
 What they can scarce destroy: Oh! soon may they

* The old castle.

Unpitied perish in a like decay !
 Oh ! worse than Vandals ! may the indignant
 mould,
 Where they at last their baser earth would lay,
 Reject them from her breast, nor deign to hold
 Creatures that knew no thought nor care—save lust
 for gold ! (7)

XVI.

The moss-crowned monuments of time long past,
 The reverend records of a vanish'd age,
 Are gradual swept away ; and soon the last
 Will sink beneath their sacrilegious rage.
 Vain were remonstrance now : but those who wage
 Their impious war with this majestic pile,
 Should live in infamy along this page,
 Did not the abhorrent Muse blush to defile
 Her lays, however mean, with names and deeds so
 vile !

XVII.

There is a spot not far remote*, the scene
 Where Superstition played her bloodiest game ;
 There have the victims of a bigot Queen,
 And creed more cruel, felt the torturing flame
 Wind round their hearts, while things which wore
 the name
 Of Man stood scoffing by. God ! at that hour
 Where were thy thunderbolts ? whose vengeful aim
 Should then have lighted, in a fiery shower,
 On wretches who could tempt thy rage, and brave
 thy power !

XVIII.

If, roused at last by Earth's iniquities,
 Thy long-forbearing vengeance once uptore
 The fountains of the deep, while the charg'd skies,
 Bursting tremendous, poured out all their store

* The Martyr's field. (S)

Of waters, till a sea without a shore
 Rolled o'er a ruined world, why did not *then*
 The climax of her crimes call down once more
 The exterminating curse, nor leave to men
 To do, as have been done, such damning deeds again!

XIX.

My spirit hath been moved : and who could dwell
 With heart unruffled upon thoughts like these ?
 But let me gaze around on what might well
 The tumults of the stormiest soul appease :
 Nature alone is waking ; the soft breeze
 Flits almost musically by ; how bright
 The moon-beams mingle with the dark green
 trees,
 Or glitter on the grass ; the brows of Night
 Are bound with myriad gems of tenderest, purest
 light.

XX.

Oh! who that wanders at an hour like this,
And looks upon the earth, the stars, and sky,
But feels, with a calm joy, one treasure his,
Unbought by toils, and kept without a sigh?
Though man may to his fellow-man deny
His tinselled trash, Great Nature, free to all,
Spreads forth her thousand stores unsparingly;
Her charms are pure, *her* beauties never pall,
She can unchanged remain, whate'er to Man befall.

XXI.

But let me break the chain of this soft dream
Which star-light fancies weave, or it will woo
My willing thoughts to quit this lowlier theme,
And lift it, O ye radiant Orbs! with you

To meditate, until your fading hue
 Heralds the morn. Now let me rather bend
 My mind unto its task, while I pursue
 My purpos'd path; and let my musings blend
 With man, and with man's works, where'er my foot-
 steps tend.

XXII.

Where first Augustine ⁽⁹⁾ gave the word divine,
 To our rude sires, and from his pious hands
 The Pagan Monarch took the mystic sign
 Of Christ's salvation, a small structure stands *,
 Of simplest form; but as the seed expands,
 Set in a goodly soil, till the strong shoot,
 Out-branching, covers the surrounding lands
 With its wide shade, so did this lowly root
 Spring to a giant height—and what hath been the
 fruit?

* St. Martin's church.

XXIII.

Corruption—terror—bigotry—and crime ;
 Till he * arose, whose daring arm restrained
 Its baleful progress, and the truths sublime
 Of the first Faith, from folly's gloss regained.
 And though the lapse of darkened days had stained
 Or warped those lessons, since they purely fell
 From the meek Prophet's lips, enough remained
 To teach a jarring world in peace to dwell,
 If aught the lust of sway in Man's rank breast could
 quell.

XXIV.

One aim has Luther—Calvin—England—Rome ;
 Each seeks supremacy ; and each would bind
 Its misbelieving Brethren, and become
 Sole minister of what the nobler mind

* Luther.

Should leave to every bosom unconfined,
 Unbiassed as the air. Has not each felt,
 And each inflicted on its suffering kind,
 Keen Persecution's sword, as if there dwelt
 A chastening God with each, who thus his judg-
 ments dealt?

XXV.

But chief on thee, O Rome! the united curse
 Of outraged man should fall, on whom thy reign
 Wreaked, with a drunken rapture, torments worse
 Than Sin had yet devised, or fear could feign.
 Thy power hath past from us; and though again
 Thy footsteps never shall these Isles affright,
 Thy shade yet lingers—Superstition's chain
 Clings round us still;—Oh! when shall Reason's
 light
 Drive the detested fiend back to its native night!

XXVI.

These unembellished walls and lowly roof,
Where holiness might dwell in humblest guise,
Seem gazing with a grave, but calm reproof, ⁽¹⁰⁾
On shrines of later days, whose proud heads rise,
With a colossal grandeur to the skies.
Fit emblem of a faith, which once alone
On Heaven intent, could worldly pomps despise,
But whose maturer years, by pride up-blown,
Aspired to make of Earth one universal throne !

XXVII.

But thou *, magnificent Ruin ! where the trace
Of pristine grandeur shines through its decay,
When hands, unhallowed, shook thee to thy base,
And the stern spoiler tore thy pride away,

* The remains of St. Augustine's monastery. ⁽¹¹⁾

Where were thy saints? alas! regardless, they
 Heard not thy cry in that distressful hour,
 But silent slept, as any common clay;
 And now these mouldering walls—this tottering
 tower—
 Alone can tell the tale of thy departed power.

XXVIII.

Flowers spring above the ruins, and the grass
 Grows freshly o'er decay: the soil I tread
 Is rife with death, and in one mingled mass
 Kings—saints—are resting with the vulgarer dead.
 Awake! Arise! Come from your lowly bed
 But one of you! bring answer from the dust
 What man shall be when once this life hath fled;
 Awake! arise! unfold!—is it not just
 Assurance should be given ere we repose our
 trust? ⁽¹²⁾

XXIX.

Thou dark and awful Grave, whose mystery
 Hath fed my musings! in the cloistered gloom
 Where thousands sleep, have I not called to thee?
 Have I not craved for tidings from the tomb,
 Of life—or death—whate'er may be our doom?
 Have I not prayed it? would I not forsake
 All vainer wisdom, and no more relume
 My midnight taper, so I might partake
 Of an immortal hope, which this world could not
 shake?

XXX.

It hath not been accorded:—the high light
 From Heaven, which guides the wanderer on his
 way,
 Shines not for me; all hopeless, in the night
 Of my bewildered spirit still I stray,

And combat with my sufferings as I may.
 Whence came I? whither go? and what shall be,
 When this frail body sinks again to clay?—
 E'en as the dust I tread? or pure and free,
 Quaff from eternal founts, Life, Love, and Liberty!

XXXI.

God of my life! Spirit! whate'er thou art,
 That gav'st to me this being! wilt thou not
 Clear with thy breath the clouds which wrap this
 heart
 In worse than Egypt's darkness? Shall my lot
 Be ever bounded to this desolate spot,
 Where, when some few brief hours have sorrow-
 ing past,
 I know, at least, this hateful frame must rot?
 Or shall I rather, roused by the awakening blast
 Of the Arch-angel's Trump, gaze on thy Truth at
 last,

XXXII.

Fearless, undazzled; when it shall be given
 To the unfettered soul to wander free,
 On wing ecstatic, o'er the extreme Heaven,
 Piercing through Time's eternal mystery,
 Feeding on bliss without satiety,
 With beings, such as earth's least mortal thought
 Might hardly dream of, though inspired by thee,
 Thrice-hallowed Muse! who, erst to Milton
 taught
 Strains such as meaner bards have since all vainly
 sought?

XXXIII.

How bootless such inquiry!—leave to each
 That path in peace, by which he hopes to gain
 His promised Eden; though these stones might
 teach,
 Much that the schoolman's creed would scarce
 explain.

Fire, flood, and fiercer foes,⁽¹³⁾ assailed in vain
 This sainted shrine, but when her favorite son,
 Her cherished hope, the champion of her reign,⁽¹⁴⁾
 Aimed at her heart the blow she could not shun,
 She sunk, as loftier fances with purer faiths have
 done*.

XXXIV.

Here the Eighth Henry, with unsparing hand,
 Worked his fierce will; though were this act his
 worst,
 He had not, in the annals of the land,
 Left to all after time his name accursed,

* This monastery was dissolved, in common with all others of the kind, throughout the kingdom, by the edict of Henry the Eighth. *See note.*

The Nero of our throne : but the hot thirst
 Of power had settled in his tameless soul,
 Corrupt by luxury, and by flattery nurst,
 Till passion's wildest waves, which mocked control,
 Hurried their slave where'er the desperate tide
 might roll.

XXXV.

Well had it been, if Bigotry and Fraud,
 Alone had felt his devastating rage,
 But when his tiger-spirit stalked abroad,
 Worth—Wisdom—Valour—Beauty—Youth—
 and Age,—
 All were its prey; as if he sought to assuage
 His burning heart with blood: then his fair bride,
 The guiltless Anna*, and the statesmen sage,
 The upright More, and blameless Cromwell died,
 And gallant Surrey! thou, the Muses' hope and
 pride! ⁽¹⁵⁾

* Anna Boleyn.

XXXVI.

The moon has stoop'd beneath a mountainous cloud,
 Which, with o'erwhelming pomp floats darkly by.
 A melancholy pause succeeds :——then loud,
 From her lone tower, the owl's tremulous cry
 Breaks the deep silence, and the night-winds sigh
 Shrill through the ruins, and the waving tree,
 Answers with whispering voice : to Fancy's eye
 Dim forms seem hovering round ;—if fear could be,
 In such an hour as this 't would come more fear-
 fully.

XXXVII.

'The dead are in their graves ; the living sleep ;
 'The spirit of the place alone is here :
 How desolate ! but who with it will weep ?
 It wakes no sympathies, it claims no tear,

It prompts no mournful memories, which endear
 Departed greatness : this, perhaps, is all
 We gather from such relics,—that we rear
 Shrines for our own subjection, that they fall,
 And then our chains we shift, and still our souls
 enthral.

XXXVIII.

But now again 'tis bright ; the cloud is past
 Which buried in its gloomy depths awhile
 That lustrous Orb, whose whitening beams are cast
 Full on the face of yon aspiring pile*,
 Which, o'er its ruined rival, ⁽¹⁶⁾ seems to smile
 In conscious strength ;—a fabric that displays,
 In many a sculptured dome, and long-drawn aisle
 The magic of Man's art, which joys to raise
 A palace for his pride, e'en on his Maker's praise.

* The adjacent cathedral.

XXXIX

Thy boast is not in vain : thou hast survived
 The changes of thy creed ; and shouldst thou be,
 In the long lapse of time, in turn deprived
 E'en of this last and better faith, with thee
 Still may devotion shrine her deity :

Thy *Beauty* should preserve thee ; thou shouldst
 stand

Firm, 'midst Opinion's ever-varying sea,
 Like the eternal cliffs which guard our land,
 Reposing on thy might, unalterably grand.

XL.

Pride of old Kent ! thy venerable walls,
 Thy storied windows, rich with many a dye,
 Through which the varied day-beam dimly falls,
 Thy gorgeous shrines, and towers that brave the
 sky,

Long shall attract the stranger's wondering eye.
 Though now no pilgrim bends o'er Becket's tomb,
 Though Dunstan's ashes all unhonored lie,
 Though now no longer pious hands illumine
 The lamp o'er Anselm's grave, gilding the midnight
 gloom.⁽¹⁷⁾

XLI.

Here sleeps the sable Warrior, on whose arm
 Once hung the fate of France, before whose breath
 Her hosts were scattered, but who knew the charm
 Which Mercy sheds around the conqueror's
 wreath,
 The halo of true glory! Few bequeath
 A fame like his, unsullied by a blot
 Which Calumny may point;⁽¹⁸⁾ and, though be-
 neath
 These stones his mighty heart must darkly rot,
 While England has a name, *his* will not be forgot.

XLII.

And here is raised a monumental show,
 Such as vain man decrees that Kings should have,
 For Henry's bones; but do they rest below
 And moulder motionless? or did the wave
 Bear them to whiten in some coral cave,
 The sea-nymphs' sport, and did his followers
 weep
 Over an empty bier and corseless grave? ⁽¹⁹⁾
 What reck's it, if this marble or the deep,
 Closed o'er his cold remains?—as sound will be his
 sleep.

XLIII.

His blame or praise, let those who list rehearse,
 But from the Muse thy tomb should rather claim,
 Oh Casaubon! one memorizing verse,
 Fit tribute to thy own, thy father's fame. ⁽²⁰⁾

Thy classic labors, which have stamped thy name
 With an unfading verdure, long shall guide
 Our steps through Learning's labyrinth: and
 should shame

The monkish drones, whose ignorance and pride
 Will rest in bloated pomp thy sacred dust beside.

XLIV.

Farewell, ye scenes! o'er which my youthful feet
 Once duly wandered, till the hour assigned
 Called them, scarce willing, to the honored seat*,
 Where first Instruction on my opening mind
 Poured her delights; but where my spirit pined,
 That dared not love too well the attractive page
 Which envious Folly hated, nor could find
 Pleasure in acting, on that petty stage,
 Its part in the vile deeds which shame man's ripen
 age.

*The King's School, within the precincts of the Cathedral.

XLV.

There each young despot, whom the fates had
blest
With brains of lead, and limbs of sturdier mould
Than his compeers, lifted his lordly crest,
False as the serpent, as the tiger bold
In acts of ill ; where from its virgin fold
In the heart's rose-bud every innocent thought
Was rudely torn ;—and should a truth be told
Which some might hide, if in my soul be aught
Of cruelty or crime, it then, and there, was taught.⁽²¹⁾

XLVI.

Then in my breast was sown the deadly seed,
Which after suffering ripened, then I learned
The slave's sole privilege, to bear and bleed
In silent hate, to hide the pang when spurned

By brutal Ignorance for honors earned
 In studious strife :—Not sorrowing, I recall
 The sense of early wrong, though first it turned
 The current of fresh feelings into gall,
 It fitted me to meet what I *have* met through all.

XLVII.

But now upon thy flower-fringed banks I stand,
 Fair Stour! ⁽²²⁾ and gaze upon thy winding stream,
 Whose dimpled surface, by the soft breeze fanned,
 Shakes to dissolving silver the clear beam
 Of countless stars, whose bright reflections seem
 As in a liquid mirror here to lave,
 With livelier lustre. Oh! how sweet a dream
 Steals o'er the heart, while on this placid wave
 Heaven opens its wide breast, and claims us from
 the grave.

XLVIII.

As if we stood upon the utmost verge
 Of that great gulf, which keeps us from the blest,
 While far-off shapes of brightness o'er the surge
 Beckoned, and pointed to the bowers of rest,
 Where, as a dove returning to her nest,
 The soul might soon forget its earth-born woes,
 Blissfully leaning on as dear a breast,
 As that which boyhood once, once only knows,
 When first Affection's flowers all tremblingly unclosed.

XLIX.

Alas! the love of our maturer years
 Is Custom—Instinct—Friendship—what you
 will;
 Where then is the wild maze of hopes and fears,
 In which our senses wandered? where the thrill,

Whose flash electric shook the breast until
 It sickened with delight? Oh! 'tis not so,
 Whate'er we deem, when once the heavy chill
 Of stern Experience,—Love and Joy's worst
 foc,—
 Hath fallen upon the fount from which those feelings
 flow.

L.

Roll on, fair River! with a lovely pride,
 Unmoved by all save Nature's high decree;
 How unremittingly thy waters glide
 With silent lapse unto the boundless sea,
 Like earthly years into Eternity!
 Let mightier streams in loftier lays be sung;
 Enough, dear native Stour! enough for thee,
 If on thy banks one home-bred harp hath rung,
 And to thy name the Muse one votive garland hung.

LI.

Thrones—monarchs—empires—in the night of
age,

Forgotten sink, a lost and nameless throng ;

But shrined in glory on the immortal page

Of the great Father of our English Song*,

Thou, Durovernum ! shalt be borne along

The tide of time in never-fading fame.

Thou wert my Nursing-Mother ; if among

Thy worthier sons my else-unhonored name

Shall haply be preserved, 'tis all these strains may
claim.

LII.

The moon is in the West : the stars grow dim :

Eastward the heavens are flecked with purpling
white :

The ecstasie lark pours forth its matin hymn,

From its glad wings shaking the dews of night :

* Chaucer.—In allusion to his Canterbury Tales.

The rosy-fingered hours with circling flight,
Throng eager to unbar the gates of day :
Soon will the Sun ascend his throne of light ;
Then cease my song ; while home I bend my way,
And leave to happier eyes to track his rising ray.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1, Stanza XI.

“ THE Dungeon or Dane John Field, for it is at present known by both these names, lies near the site of old Riding-gate, adjoining, but within the walls of the city, at the south-east corner of it, and on the west side, almost to the ditch and wall of the castle bayle. In ancient deeds the name is variously written Dangan, Daungeon, and Dungen; names all much alike, and of the same import.

“ At the south-east corner of this field, close to the city-wall, there is thrown up *a vast artificial*

mount or hill, now to all appearance circular, having a deep ditch, from which, no doubt, the earth was taken round the other part of it; it is a great deal higher than the wall ever was, when entire; inso-much, that from the top of it there is a clear view over the whole city below it, as well as a great extent of the adjacent country; the field itself, before the late alterations, consisted of very uneven ground, and whatever had occasioned it had never been levelled. On the outward, or opposite side of the wall, to the above mount, the city ditch and a high road only separating the two, is another artificial mount of a much smaller size, and not half so high. This place was esteemed of such consequence, that it gave name to the adjoining manor of *the Dungeon*.

“ The original of its name is conjectured to have arisen from its having been the Danes’ work, and to have been from thence corruptly called *Dangeon* and *Daungeon*, for *Danien* or *Danes’-hill*, and that,

because it was either their work against the city, or of the city against them; but the former appears, by what follows, to be much more probable. Indeed, it seems to have been the proper work of the Danes, the great and frequent molesters, invaders, and wasters of this city; and most likely at the time, when in King Ethelred's days they besieged the city, and after twenty days resistance took it by storm, and then destroyed both city and inhabitants.

“Whoever well observes the whole of this spot, will plainly see that the works above-mentioned, both within and without the present wall of the city, were not counterworks one against the other, as the common opinion is, but were once all one entire plot, containing about three acres of ground; the outwork of a triangular form, with a mount or hill, (what appears to be now two, having been but one of a pear-like shape, till cut through, as will be noticed hereafter) intrenched round within it, and that when first made and cast up, it lay wholly with-

out the city wall, and that part of the mount which now forms the larger one, and most part of the outwork likewise, towards the north of it, for the greater security of the city, has been taken and walled in, since that side of the trench was formed which encompasses the smaller mound, now lying without and under the wall (fitly meeting with the rest of the city ditch) after both sides of the outwork were cut through to make way for it, at the time of the city's being walled and inditched; a conjecture that must seem probable to any one who marks and examines the place with attention." *Hasted.*

Note 2, Stanza XII.

" *And Durovernum.....*"

The first mention we have of this city by name is in Ptolemy's Geography of Britain, who lived in the reigns of the Roman emperors Trajan, Hadrian,

and Antoninus Pius, and wrote it in the Greek language. He says, in the most eastern part of Britain are the Cantuari, and among them these towns, *πολεις Λονδινιον, Δουρουερον, Ρουταπιαι*, that is, Londinium, Durvenum, and Rutupiae. The second of which is certainly meant for this city of Canterbury. Antoninus, in his Itinerary of Britain, writes it Dorovernum. In Pentinger's Table, written about the time of Theodosius the Great, it is called by the same name, and the mark of a considerable town, as Canterbury was in those times, is set to this station; and this is all the geographical notice taken of this city in the time of the Romans.

Note 3, Stanza XII.

“ And Durovernum sunk beneath his murderous hand.”

“ Being situated at no great distance from the two islands of Thanet and Sheppy, the usual places of

landing, as well as the usual winter abode of those merciless pirates, the Danes, this city twice felt the misfortune of so near a neighbourhood to them ; for in the year 851, they landed with a great army, from 350 ships, and wasted it, Ceolnoth being the Archbishop ; and again in 1009, in the time of autumn, another army of the Danes, innumerable, came to Sandwich, and thence to Canterbury, which they had taken immediately, had not the citizens, by giving a large sum in time, obtained their peace, which having done, these plunderers immediately departed, and sailed for the Isle of Wight ; but in the year 1011, when these banditti, having over-run and wasted all Kent, again laid siege to it, and having entirely surrounded it, provisions in it falling short, and great part of the city being burnt, they took it by assault on the 20th day, when, rushing impetuously over every part of it, they set fire to the remainder of the town, and the church and priory of the Holy Trinity, having first plundered them of all their

valuables, (the abbey of St. Augustine being alone left standing) and then massacred the inhabitants, without distinction of age, religion, or sex; for having decimated them, out of the number of near 8000, there remained alive only four monks, and scarce eight hundred of the inferior class of people. The full story of this calamity is given by Osborn in the life of Archbishop Odo, an abridgment of which is here presented to the reader.

“ A. D. 1011, in September, the Danes, with a numerous and well-armed fleet, came to Sandwich, where, landing, they made their way directly to Canterbury, which they immediately compassed and besieged. Having carried on the siege with all vigour, using every warlike means either to battle or to scale the walls, or by throwing fire to set the city in flames; on the 20th day of September the latter means took effect, for a fire being kindled in some houses that were nearest to the walls, it increased so much by a strong south wind, that the whole city

was presently in a flame. The citizens were by this brought into a miserable strait; for before them they saw the enemy ready to enter sword in hand, behind them were the flames, not only devouring their houses, but which was far more dreadful, ready to devour their wives and children together. Hence, private affection, and a tenderness of compassion, prevailed so far over them, that they neglected the public safety, they forsook the defence of the walls, and ran to their own houses, to snatch their wives and children from the flames, who, in the same hour, were to be exposed to the merciless fury of the enemy. For whilst they were busied among the ashes of their houses, a breach was made, and the enemy entered the city; then a terrible noise, of shrieks and cries on one side, and of trumpets and shouts on the other, was lifted up to the heavens, so as the very foundations of the city seemed to be shaken by it. And now who can conceive in his thoughts the sad confusion which overspread the

whole city ! Some fell by the sword, some perished in the flames, some were thrown headlong over the walls, and others, in a manner more shameful than is fit to be expressed, were put to death. The matrons were dragged by the hair of the head through the streets, in order to extort from them the discovery of hidden treasures which they never had, and then were cast into the flames. The infants were torn from their mother's breasts, some of them were carried about, stuck on the tops of spears ; others were laid under the wheels of carriages, and crushed to pieces. The venerable Archbishop Alphage, who all this while had staid in the church, in the midst of his weeping monks, could no longer endure to hear of the calamities of the miserable people, but rushing out of a sudden from the church, ran among the heaps of the slain bodies, into the midst of the enemies, crying aloud, Spare, O spare, &c. when they seized upon, bound him, stopped his

mouth that he might not speak, then beat and abused him. They then forced him back into the church, and there made him stand and see a most dismal tragedy; for, before his eyes many were put to several kinds of cruel death, that he might behold it in the most frightful shapes, before he came to die himself. The church was rifled and set on fire, insomuch, that the melted lead ran down upon the heads of the monks; they came out, and were presently put to the sword. In this slaughter, the monks and people, men, women, and children, were decimated, i. e. nine were slain, and one saved alive, and the archbishop himself was carried away, and afterwards put to death by them."

*Battely's Somner. p. 84. From Wharton's
Ang. Sacr. vol. 2, p. 133.*

Note 4, Stanza xiii.

“Though now her offspring, deaf to Freedom’s call,” &c.

At the time this was written (in the spring of 1818) the city had become almost proverbial for corruption and servility; having elected for its representative, by a majority greater than was ever before known, a creature of the ministers’, who, of course, voted for the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the continuation of the Property Tax, the Alien Bill, and every other measure which disgraced the last parliament.

Perhaps it is but justice to add, that the citizens have since, *in some degree*, reasserted their ancient claim to independence*.

* The friends who are most intimately acquainted with the habits and opinions of the Author, can best testify the little comparative interest he takes in the mere politics of

Note 5, Stanza xiv

“ *A frowning fortress,*” &c.

The general opinion respecting the castle of Canterbury is, that it was one of the many erected by William the Conqueror, for his better subduing and bridling those parts of the kingdom that he most suspected, to several of which it has a very similar appearance. It had a bayle or yard adjoining to it of upwards of four acres, surrounded by a wall and ditch. The passage from the city to it was anciently by a bridge, and beyond that a gate, built at the en-

the day, but understanding that much of the scurrilous trash so plentifully circulated during the late election, has been attributed to him, he takes this opportunity of observing, (to such as it may concern) that a “Sonnet, addressed to the People of England,” “The Song of the Blue Cockade,” and an Epigram on one *Gibbs*, are the only pieces which owe their origin to his pen. (*November.*)

trance of the castle yard, and on the opposite side, towards the country, was the ancient gate of the city, called Worth-gate, the remains of which were nearly entire till a few years since. The castle is eighty-eight feet in length, and eighty feet in breadth, and the two fronts, which are of the greatest extent, have each four buttresses, the others have only three ; the walls are, in general, about eleven feet thick.

Note 6, Stanza xiv.

“ ——— find, like him, their thrones a hell.”

In allusion to the continual troubles during the reign of this tyrannical usurper.

Note 7, Stanza xv.

“ *These battlements,*” &c.

This fine ruin has lately been shamefully muti-

lated, for no other purpose than that of *selling the materials!!!*

Under the pretence of improvement, most of the remains of antiquity in this city have shared the same fate.

NOTE 8, Stanza xvii.

“ There is a spot,” &c.

The meadow adjoining the Dane John Field, is usually called the Martyr-field, from several persons having been burnt in a large hollow or pit, at the south end of it, in Queen Mary’s reign, on account of their religion. See Fox’s Martyrs, vol. 3.

NOTE 9, Stanza xviii.

“ Where first Augustine,” &c.

The church of St. Martin is supposed to have been built by the christians of the Roman colony,

in the second century, at the time of Lucius, the first christian king, who lived in 182, so that it is looked on as one of the oldest structures of that kind in the kingdom; and indeed nothing appears in the materials or architecture to contradict this opinion: for its walls seem to have been built (those of the chancel at least) entirely of Roman brick, and the structure is the most simple that is possible. Hither did St. Augustine and his fellow-labourers resort to their devotions at their first arrival in this island, in 597, by the license of King Ethelbert, who shortly after became a convert to the doctrines of christianity, and was here baptized.

Note 10, Stanza xxvi.

“ Seem gazing with a grave but calm reproof,

“ On shrines of later days”—————

“ For Christ made ner no Cathedrals.”

Chaucer, Ploughman's Tale, part 1.

St. Martin's church commands a distinct view of the cathedral, and of the ruins of St. Augustine's monastery.

Note 11, Stanza xxvii.

“ St. Augustine's monastery.”

“ The front of this stately abbey was towards the west, extending 250 feet, having, at each extremity of it, two handsome gateways, the northern one being the most superb, was the chief approach to the monastery, which was situated mostly at the

back part of it; the other was the gate through which the entrance was to the cemetery. After the dissolution of this abbey, the great buildings of it, such as the dormitory, kitchen, halls, and the like, to which may be added the church, being covered with lead, were, for the lucre of it, at different times stripped of it, after which the walls of them were either demolished for the sake of the sale of the materials, or being left uncovered, perished by the inclemency of the weather, and the mouldering hand of time; so that the very ruins of the far greatest part of this once extensive monastery scarcely appear, and the very foundations of them are with difficulty traced at this time. The most striking object is Ethelbert's tower, whose beauty though much defaced, especially by sacrilegious hands of late years, will witness to succeeding ages the magnificence of the whole, when all stood complete in their glory together." *Hasted.*

Note 12, Stanza xxviii.

—————“ *is it not just,*” &c.

I must be allowed to anticipate a remark, which will probably suggest itself here to the minds of some persons:—“ They have Moses and the Prophets, if they hear them not, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.”

Note 13, Stanza xxxiii.

“ *Fire, flood,*” &c.

“ Notwithstanding the many instances of royal munificence, aided by the fostering hand of papal favor and indulgence, this abbey met with detriments and misfortunes, which at times obscured the sunshine of its prosperity, till it at last was overtaken by that impetuous storm which wholly extinguished the glory and majesty of this once famous and opulent abbey.

“ To pass by the loss at that long-enjoyed right and interest of the burials of Kings and Archbishops which has been already taken notice of, in order to mention a much more dreadful calamity which befel this abbey. I mean the frequent and grievous infestation of this place by the Danes, and, however their chroniclers, for their abbey’s greater glory, sometimes ascribe their safety and deliverance from those invaders to miraculous preservation, yet doubtless it either suffered from their violence, or at least purchased its peace at a dear rate, and with costly redemptions.

“ In the year 1168 the dreadful calamity of fire nearly destroyed this monastery: it happened on August 29, when the greatest part of it was burnt. In this fire many of their ancient codicils and charters perished, and the church itself being destroyed, the shrines of St. Augustine and many other saints were miserably spoiled.

“ Another misfortune happened to this monastery, though of quite a contrary nature to that last

mentioned, for as that was by fire, so this happened by water, though more than one hundred years between the one and the other. For in the year 1271, on the day of the translation of St. Augustine, there came on a storm and flood, which proved a general calamity to the city; it thundered and lightened that whole day, and the night of it, in which time dark clouds were continually gathered together, great torrents of rain flowed down for many days, flocks and herds were driven by it out of the fields, and trees were overthrown and torn up by the roots; in this inundation of rain, the City of Canterbury was almost drowned, and the flood occasioned by it was so high, both in the court of the monastery and the church, that they had been quite overwhelmed with the water," continues the chronicler, "had not the virtue of the saints who rested there, withstood the waters."

Hasted, from Thorn. col. 1815.

Battely's Somner. p. 30

“ Little had all the former casualties been to the ruin of this goodly abbey, had not the sudden and tempestuous storm, which bore down before it all the religious structures of this kind throughout the kingdom, falling upon it, brought this with the rest, to irrecoverable ruin ; to perpetuate which, the abbot, with thirty of his monks, among whom were the several officers of the monastery, signed the surrendry of it into the king’s hands, on the last day but one of July, anno 50, King Henry VIII.*” *Hasted.*

Note 14, Stanza XXXIII.

————— “ *but when her favorite son*

“ *Her cherished hope, the champion of her reign.*”

When Henry received the title of “ Defender of the Faith” for his writings in favor of the Church

* There is a tradition that the monks opposed the king’s commissioners who came to take the surrendry of the abbey,

of Rome, it was little imagined he was soon to become one of the most terrible enemies she ever had to contend with.

Note 15, Stanza xxxv.

——— “ *His fair bride,*
 “ *The guiltless Anna, and the statesmen sage,*
 “ *The upright More and blameless Cromwell.*”

Anna Boleyn, Sir Thomas More, Thomas Lord Cromwell, and the Earl of Surrey, a few of the many victims to the unbridled passions of Henry the Eighth, perhaps the most execrable monster that ever disgraced the throne of England. “ It

and shut their gates against them, till, terrified by two pieces of ordnance placed on a neighbouring hill, they hastened to deliver up the keys to them.

was a crime to put his pampered despotism to an uneasiness: he was mad with absolute power,—with the ability of indulging his self-will; and it is not to be doubted that the excess of power literally tends to render princes insane, that is to say, it overdoes itself, and puts them at the mercy of all their impulses. Nero himself began well;—it was only the excess of indulgence that rendered his wants dreadful, and his self-will too much for human nature.”

The character of the Earl of Surrey is so peculiarly graceful and interesting, that the reader will probably not be displeased at a short account of him, extracted principally from the *Edinburgh Review*, of Dr. Nott’s edition of his works.

“Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, son of Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, was born about the year 1516. He passed his boyhood at his father’s house in the country, and there also received his education, which is supposed to have been finished

at fifteen. It is manifest from his poems, that he passed some portion of his youth at Windsor, in company with the Duke of Richmond, a natural son of the king, but it is not known when, or how long; neither is it understood to what university he went, or whether indeed he went to any at all. In February, 1532, when about sixteen, he was contracted, perhaps married to Lady Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, though, from the customs of those times, it does not follow that he immediately lived with his wife. Towards the close of the same year he attended, amongst other nobility, at the celebrated interview between Henry and Francis, and thus seems to have made his first appearance in life at the field of the Cloth of Gold,—a striking debut for a young poet and cavalier. From this time forward he seems always to have been among the first performers on occasions of royal ceremony. In 1540 he shone with great brilliancy at the jousts and tournaments that were given in honor of the

King's marriage with Anne of Cleves, on which occasion the Royal Bluebeard was so pleased, that he dismissed the combatants with considerable presents. At the close of the same year the Earl appears to have first entered upon active public life, being sent as commissioner to the English possessions on the coast of France, to see that they were safe against some threatened attacks. With the exception of his being made a Knight of the Garter, a greater honor in those days than now, we hear nothing further of him till 1542, when he fell into temporary disgrace, and was committed successively to the Fleet and to Windsor Castle, in consequence of a violent private quarrel with one John-a-Leigh, who is supposed to have been a rival of the Earl's in love. The King and Court, though Surrey was punished, do not seem to have cared long about the offence, for it was in the same year that he held a principal command under his father, in the campaign against Scotland. On his return from this

expedition, he again got into trouble and imprisonment. There were two charges against him; one for having eaten flesh in Lent, notwithstanding the royal prohibition. From this he cleared himself by producing a licence, though he acknowledged he had committed the meals rather too openly. The other was of a more singular nature, and produced from him as extraordinary a defence. He was accused of walking about the city at midnight, in a disorderly manner, breaking windows with a cross-bow. The reader will be prepared to regard this as a frolic of youth: but, according to Surrey's defence before the council, it was a misdemeanour of a very staid and contemplative description. He allowed it might be misconstrued, but 'it grieved
' me, my lords,' said he, 'to see the licentious man-
' ners of the citizens of London. They resembled
' the manners of Papal Rome in her corruptest
' state, and not that of a christian communion.
' Was I to suffer these unhappy men to perish with-

‘out warning? That, common charity forbade.
 ‘The remonstrances of their spiritual pastors had
 ‘been urged I knew in vain, I therefore went at
 ‘midnight through the streets, and shot from my
 ‘cross-bow at their windows, that the stones, pass-
 ‘ing noiseless through the air, and breaking in
 ‘suddenly upon their guilty society, might remind
 ‘them of the suddenness of that punishment which
 ‘the scripture tells us Divine justice will inflict on
 ‘impenitent sinners, and so lead them to a refor-
 ‘mation of manners.’

“But his imprisonment does not appear to have been of long duration, for, in the summer of the same year, he again went to France, and commenced that active part in the campaigns there, in which the short remainder of his life was chiefly occupied. He was first a volunteer at the siege of Landrecy,—then marshal of the army at that of Montreuil, where he was wounded, and from which place he conducted the retreat, and was subsequently ap-

pointed commander at Guisnes, and finally at Boulogne. His fortune, on these occasions, was various. He lost a battle, with inferior numbers, against the Mareschal de Biez, but the retreat from Montreuil is said to have been conducted in a manner that did credit to his soldiership; and his courage and ardor were always unquestionable. The December following he was accused on a frivolous charge of high treason, for quartering a part of the royal arms with those of the Howards. He proved on his trial that he had not only the licence of the heralds for doing so, but that his ancestors had done it for a long time, and that he had constantly borne the quartering in the presence of Henry himself. These proofs, however, were of no avail before royal slaves and judges, who were personal enemies. He was condemned to the block, and executed on the 21st January, 1547, about the 31st year of his age.

“ Thus was cut off, gallant and guiltless, the most accomplished man of his age: he was somewhat

small of stature, but excellently made, strong and active, and able to endure labor and fatigue. His eye was dark and piercing, his countenance composed and thoughtful, which gave him the appearance of being somewhat older than he was. He was a fast and enthusiastic friend; a knight, after the model of the knights of old, amorous, undaunted, and incorruptible. He sought reputation in war, and in poetry, loved the fine arts, and honored and fostered genius wherever he found it.

“One thing more may be added to the melancholy certainties of Surrey’s life—that he was not happy. If his temper was too warm and high, he appears to have suffered enough for it. A vein of melancholy runs through almost all his pieces, and though he died young, we find his proud heart melting in an unhappy passion, and at last bleeding away in Penitential Psalms. But adversity evidently assisted his poetic powers, as it has done those of other poets. It took him out of the com-

mon places and self-satisfaction of ordinary success, subjected his proud spirit to a variety of tender impressions, and, in short, made him think and feel to tenfold purpose."

Note 16, Stanza xxxviii.

——— "*yon aspiring pile*
Which o'er its ruined rival seems to smile."

"Between this monastery (St. Augustine's) and that of Christ church, there was ever an apparent jealousy and emulation; and if the profound veneration which all men bore to St. Thomas the Martyr had not surmounted all opposition, they would at least have maintained their pretences to an equality, if not to a superiority of glory and dignity against their rival monastery." *Hasted.*

Note 17, Stanza XL.

“ Though now no pilgrim bends o’er Becket’s tomb,”
&c.

Becket’s shrine is no longer revered, and that of St. Dunstan can scarcely be pointed out. King Stephen appropriated some land for the maintenance of a perpetual lamp at the tomb of St. Anselm—it has ceased to burn.

Note 18, Stanza XLI:

“ The sable warrior”——“ few bequeath
“ A fame like his,” &c.

All historians unite in celebrating the amiable qualities of the Black Prince, he was indeed ‘ a meek man and a brave;’ ‘ a knight without fear or reproach.’

Note 19, Stanza XLII.

—————“ *or did the wave*
“ Bear them to whiten in some coral cave,
“ The sea-nymphs’ sport.”

One of the persons who was in the boat which brought King Henry the Fourth’s body by water towards Canterbury, affirmed on his oath, that whilst they were on the passage a great storm arose, which so endangered the lives of the persons in the vessel, as well as of the nobility which followed in eight smaller ones, that in despair, they agreed to cast the corpse into the sea; which having done, there was immediately a calm; after which they carried on the coffin covered over with cloth of gold, with all manner of solemnity, to Canterbury, and there honorably buried it.

Note 20, Stanza XLIII.

—————“ *thy tomb should rather claim,
“ Oh Casaubon! one memorizing verse,
“ Fit tribute to thy own, thy father’s fame.”*

The learned and famous Meric Casaubon, son of Isaac Casaubon, lies buried in the lower south cross of this Cathedral, where there is a marble monument erected to his memory, with the following inscription.

STA ET VENERARE VIATOR,
HIC MORTALES IMMORTALIS SPIRITUS
EXUVIAS DEPOSUIT,

MERICUS CASAUBONUS.

MAGNI NOMINIS, }
ERUDITIQUE GENERIS, } PAR HERES.

QUIPE QUI { PATREM ISAACUM CASAUBONUM. } HABUIT.
AVUM HENRICUM STEPHANUM,
PROAVUM ROBERTUM STEPHANUM, }

Heu quos Viros! Quæ literarum lumina! Quæ Ev-
sni decora! Ipse eruditionem per tot erudita capita tra-
ductam excepit, excoluit, & ad pietatis (quæ in ejus pec-
tore Regina sedebat) ornamentum & incrementum
feliciter consecravit: rempublicamque literariam multiplici
rerum & linguarum suppellectile locupletavit. Vir, incertum
doctior an melior, in pauperes liberalitate, in amicos utili-
tate, in omnes humanitate, in acutissimis longissimi morbi
tormentis Christiana patientia insignissimus.

Gaudeat primaria hæc ecclesia canonicis Casaubonis
ambobus: qui eundem in eruditione, quo ipsa in eccle-
siarum serie, ordinem obtinuerunt. Obiit noster pridie
idus Julii, anno 1671, ætatis suæ 75, canonicatus sui 46.

Note 21, Stanza XLV.

“ There each young despot,” &c.

To the opinions of myself and my friends, on the
tendency of the discipline of Public Schools to
degrade the feelings, and corrupt the heart of youth,
I am proud to add that of an eminent periodical

writer, and poet of deserved reputation, who has lately favored the public with several essays on this subject. See *Examiners*, No. 542—3—4—and 5.

I do not mean to say that the system, as there animadverted on, was carried to its fullest extent at the respected seminary at which I myself received the rudiments of classic learning; but there, as at all similar institutions, the young, the weak, the studious, and the well-disposed, were invariably the objects of persecution by the elder, the stronger, the idle, the ignorant, and the vicious. Many a promising spirit have I myself seen, in order to avoid the torrent of derision and abuse, assimilating itself with the majority, and becoming quickly as depraved as its tormentors; and even of those who had the courage to resist the infection of this falsely-denominated "*manliness*," many have imbibed such feelings of bitterness and disgust towards the species, from their early initiation into a "*knowledge of the world*," as it is called, as will probably never hereafter be entirely eradicated.

Note 22, Stanza XLVII.

*“ But now upon thy flower-fringed banks I stand,
 “ Fair Stour !”*

The river Stour, in the words of Leland, “ breaketh a lytle above Cantorbiri into ii armes, of the which one cummeth be Westgate, and the other through the cyte under S. Thomas’ hospitale, & meteth agayne yn one botom beneth the cyte.” *Itinerary, vol. 7.*

In the early time of the Saxons it was frequently both called and written Æstura, Æstur, &c. no doubt from the Latin æstuarium, an æstuary, or arm of the sea, having, as is conjectured, flowed up where the course of this river is, over the level on which part of Canterbury now stands, and as high up as Ashford beyond it.

It was afterwards written by the Saxons, Stur, as appears by one of their codicils, so early as the year 686, and by another in 814, it is written by its present name of Stour. *Hasted.*

THE

Curse of Chatterton.



ADVERTISEMENT.



THE fate of the unfortunate CHATTERTON, “the marvellous Boy, who perished in his pride,” is, of course, familiar to every reader. He is supposed, at the opening of the following Poem, to be contemplating the Poison with which he effected his fatal purpose.



THE
CURSE OF CHATTERTON.

ONE struggle more, and then I shall be calm;
This friendly phial holds the welcome draught
Which to my feverish breast shall seem a balm
Sweeter than e'er the lips of Luxury quaffed.
Yet, let me pause; and ere a self-sought grave
Over this worn and wearied frame shall close,
Let me breathe out one dying curse on those
Who best deserve it. Nay, I do not rave,
But in this awful hour, I can compose

My thoughts to meet this fate, rather than crave
 From their vile bounty, what perhaps might save
 This being yet awhile—for what?—to be their slave!

Shall I live thus? No! while Earth's cold
 embrace

Offers to woes like mine a resting place,
 There will I flee; beneath that quiet sod
 To sleep for ever, or to meet a God
 Who will not judge like his proud creature, Man,
 Who, as he passes by the humble tomb
 His pity scarce accorded, will presume
 The faults of him who lies beneath to scan,
 Invoking on this deed the fiery doom
 Which fits his fierce belief's infernal plan.

Stand off, thou Hypocrite! thy threats are vain;
 Beyond the grave, what should the guiltless fear?

Is it a crime to quit this world of pain,
 And seek from Heaven what was denied us here?
 No orphan hearts will break upon my bier:
 No friends to whom my living was a life,
 For me will pour the agonizing tear.—
 What binds me to these scenes of sordid strife?
 To *thy* base spirit they are justly dear—
 Stand off! *mine* cannot rest while such is near!
 Cursed be your creed, accursed be all your tribe,
 Ye self-sufficient Fools! who would prescribe
 Bounds to your Maker's mercy, and exclude
 All but your fellow fanatics. I've viewed
 Your holy cheats too long—your impious zeal
 To make this earth a Hell! Go, wretches, bind
 That broken heart; into those wounds distil
 The balm of kindness; though ye cannot *feel*
 For human woes, some anguish ye might heal.
 Preach peace and charity among mankind!
 Thus shall ye best work out your Master's will,
 Thus, thus your fancied Mission best fulfil.

There is a race as callous and more cold,—
 Mammon's true sons,—whose only God is Gold;
 Creatures of baser clay! upon whose breast
 But one presiding passion is expressed,
 Which reigns supreme, and shuts out all the
 rest!

Assassins of the soul! Slaves, who would bind
 That only spark of Heaven,—the ethereal mind,
 Down to the world's worst duties; till it grows
 Contracted as the boundaries that close
 Upon the trash they treasure! Things that smile,
 And cringe, and fawn, and flatter, and beguile.
 Cursed be these sycophants! accursed the arts
 With which they wind into unwary hearts,
 Till they may suck at will the vital blood,
 Legally fattening on their ill-got food!
 Honor,—that high-wrought feeling, which would
 droop
 Beneath the blast of Death, rather than stoop
 To aught of wrong,—was never understood

By such as these ! one virtue at the most,
 One only virtue, these true worldlings boast,—
Hard, selfish Honesty, which better suits,
 Than bare-faced Knavery, with their base pursuits.
 Speak I as one unknowing? do I draw
 Forms which no eye but Fancy's ever saw?
 No! such have hemmed me round, and I have dwelt
 Under their lash too long, too long have felt
 Whate'er they could inflict. Could curses blight,
 There are some know, perhaps, where this would
 light.

Thou, who canst yet command all hearts but
 mine,
 Woman! for whom was waked mine earliest song;
 Woman! my soul's first idol, at whose shrine
 My vows were breathed so lavishly and long;
 Whilst round thee, hope—thought—feeling—all
 would twine,

Till my whole being was absorbed in thine,
 Lost in a trance I madly deemed divine !
 Cold as it is, I feel my bosom still
 That tender hour recalling, wildly thrill ;
 Life seemed so smiling then, and Love so sweet,
 That when proud Reason tore the veil away,
 Which Folly cast around, and the deceit
 Melted like mist before Truth's piercing ray,
 My spirit still clung fondly to the cheat,
 And vainly bade the fleeting vision stay.
 That parting cost some pangs—but they are past,
 My breast might bleed awhile—but now 'tis o'er ;
 Woman! this strain, the truest and the last,
 To thee is given ; my voice is raised no more
 To soothe, delude, to flatter, or adore.
 No ! I have viewed your worthlessness, have seen
 Your false souls changing with each changing
 scene,
 Have marked ye as ye wove your web of wiles
 With tears and treachery, and snares and smiles :

Seen, when at last those siren arts entice
 Some nobler heart to woe—perhaps to vice,
 How ye can watch your victim as he sinks ;
 Uncoiling, coolly, all the blissful links
 Which bound, in seeming, your own heart to his.
 Then overwhelm him deeper in the black abyss
 Of his despair ; and turning from the shore,
 Pass on your flowery path—calm, smiling, as before !

This, this is Woman ! this that sex accursed ;
 Nature's last work, her weakest, and her worst !

Thus o'er his mind as wrongs and sufferings
 rushed,
 From his torn breast these frantic accents gushed ;
 Till his exhausted spirit, wild but weak,
 Sunk to that deadlier gloom which does not *speak*.

He gazed around:—there was no loved one there
To soothe the dying pangs of his despair ;
There was no friendly hand whose care might close
His stiffening eyelids in their last repose.
Shuddering, he smiled ; some thoughts of doubt and
 dread
Came o'er like shadows—but as quickly fled ;
He looked to Heaven—all there was calm, though
 dim ;
He turned to Earth—it was no place for him ;
He felt his hour was come:—then deeply drank
Of that dread cup, and on the cold ground sank.

POEMS.



POEMS.

I.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NIGHT,

HASTILY RENDERED INTO RHYME.

*Inscribed to * * * *.*

I.

MY languid limbs and aching head,
With musing wearied and outworn,
Last night upon the couch I laid,
Waiting the wished approach of morn.

2.

Such thoughts of sorrow, pain, and fear,
Passed through my wild brain ere I slept,
That if mine eyes had held a tear,
It had in that dark hour been wept.

3.

At last a welcome slumber stole,
And lulled me in a brief repose ;
When soon before my restless soul
Visions of other worlds arose.

4.

I dreamed that as this feeble frame
Was sinking in its last decay,
With silvery wing a Seraph came,
And smiling beckoned me away.

5.

I rose with one ecstatic bound,
 And floating through an airy sea,
 Sailed on, and onwards, till I found
 Myself in Paradise with thee !

6.

Oh if 'tis true that hours of Love
 Are the best hours that mortals know,
 What wonder if we frame *above*,
 Blissess like those we felt *below* !

7.

Methought that in the founts of God,
 Our earthly stains were washed away,
 And now we both in brightness trod
 Through mansions of celestial day.

8.

Now o'er the blissful scene we strayed,
By loving arms together bound ;
And then beneath some fragrant shade
Reposed upon the flowery ground.

9.

Ah ! then my trembling hand would steal
Where it has stolen so oft before,
And I, without a crime, could feel——
What I shall feel with thee no more !

10.

And thou wouldst print along my lip
Those deep, those dear, impassioned kisses,
Which e'en the holiest saint might sip
Nor envy Heaven its other blisses.

11.

Then, whilst upon my raptured breast,
 With smiling eyes you sweetly lay,
 My hand in your's you fondly pressed,
 And seemed in tenderest tone to say:—

12.

“ Forgive me, Love, alas ! I see
 (For all things must in Heaven be seen)
 That I was not on earth to thee,
 All that, perhaps, I *might* have been ;

13.

“ Could I have read thy bosom then,
 I might have spared my cruel chiding,
 And known I ne'er could meet again
 A breast so fond, and so confiding.

14.

“ I should have known, through all my grief,
When anguish wrung my racked heart's core,
Could but thy hand have given relief,
I had not felt one sorrow more.

15.

“ I should have known I had one friend,
Whenever slanderous tongues defamed me,
Whose voice would still my cause defend,
And dare to praise, while others blamed me.

16.

“ I should have seen (what now I see)
Thine was a heart whose stoic pride
Could yield its every thought to me,
But shrank from all the world beside!

17.

“ Then, oh, forgive! if once my hand
Our earthly ties could rashly sever,
Since Love now joins us in a band,
Which, like our souls, shall last for ever!”

18.

I listened with a deep delight,
As from your lips these accents broke;—
When the first beams of morning bright
Flashed o’er my eyelids—and I woke.

II.

SONNET.

Written under a Print of Sappho.

SAPPHO! thou still art with us, and shalt be,
 Whilst painter can conceive, or bard can feel;
 Thy spirit lives; for Love hath set his seal
On thy immortal song; the savage sea
Closed over thee in vain: thy verse shall free
 Thy memory from oblivion, and appeal
 E'en to the sternest heart, till drops shall steal
From eyes which had no tears—except for thee!

Daughter of Passion! in whose glowing frame
As in its chosen temple GENIUS dwelt,
Unhappy victim of a worthless flame!

By thee this truth was, ah! too deeply felt,
Whate'er the joys that envied gift may bring,
It lends Affliction's barb a tenfold sting.

III.

SAPPHO.

A Sonnet.

HIGH on Leucadia's steep a voice was heard,
A passionate voice,—that through the live-long
night
Floated upon the breeze's fitful flight,
In wild complainings, or a prayer preferred

To Love's great Empress* ; while the varied word
 Now lifted loud to Inspiration's height,
 Now in the struggling bosom buried quite,
 Seemed like the dying notes of Music's hallowed
 bird !

That voice was thine, oh Sappho ! and those sighs
 Were sent to one who heard them not ; away
 Far o'er the main, thy faithless lover flies :
 And thou, ere dawns the light of new-born day,
 Deep in the wave shalt feel no future woe,
 Which bosoms, framed like thine, but live to know !

* In allusion to her celebrated Hymn to Venus.

IV.

FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

1817.

AND this is vain! once more I must return
 To my own breast, like Madness to its cell;
 Yet not *deceived*; I had not *now* to learn
 That nought could break that everlasting spell
 Which shuts me from the world. Ah! could I
 dwell
 As others do, in some beguiling dream
 Of joy and love eternal, could I quell
 The spirit's aimless wandering, life would seem
 For me as for the rest, with many a blissful scheme.

It may not be : 'tis blank and barren all,
 Whate'er the rest may reach *I* cannot prize.
 Shrouded in torpor—lost to Pleasure's call—
 An icy heart within this bosom lies,
 Which in its self-despising scorn defies
 The sympathies of Earth : and e'en the charm
 Which moved so long, sweet Woman's smiling eyes,
 Rest there in radiance now, but fail to warm
 That pulse, or wake again Love's tremulous alarm.

If this be Knowledge, this the bitter fruit
 Of that fair tree which Man alone may find,
 Why was I raised beyond the happier brute ?
 Why cursed with reason—tortured with a mind
 Which wakes when I would rest, which cannot
 blind
 Itself to its own frailties, while the sense
 Of those appalling truths which lurk behind
 Delusion's blossoms, with a beam intense,
 Strikes on the aching brain, piercing that flowery fence?

Is there no Idol I can form on earth ?
 Have I no anchor where my hopes may rest ?
 Still must I live thus lonely in the dearth
 Of all delights which warm another's breast ?
 Where shall I hie me ? in what halcyon nest
 May my worn spirit fold its weary wings ?
 When shall my bosom own its ancient guest,
 Oh Love, young Love ! whose cherished memory
 clings
 E'en in the wreck of all round my heart's bleeding
 strings !



Then leave me, oh my friends ! to my despair,
 Nor in my drooping breast these hopes infuse ;
 Or worse distress me with officious care,
 Lest this dim spot, ye call the world, refuse

A longer sojourn to me : I can lose
Little with this sad being; though to you
Existence be enjoyment, might I choose
Between a life like that I *have* passed through,
And a calm grave's repose,—this were my last adieu.

* * * * *

V.

SONNET.

To ———.

CRUEL hath been this kindness! I could bear
Better to let thine image fade away,
From my void breast in feeling's cold decay,
Than have it stamped again all freshly there,
Stirring the deadly springs of that despair
Which clouded my young bosom, till the day
Of Life became a night where not a ray
Of joy looked through to gild the paths of care.

Yet, Mary ! not, as once, with changing brow,
And quivering lips, and accents that are lost
In breathless passion, do I meet thee now :—

Ah ! no, my heart hath learned, whate'er it cost,
To hide the agony that wrings it most,
Or melt with softness it will not avow !

VI.

SONNET.

IN musing moods this oft hath chanced to me :—
When long my swelling heart hath inly wrought
With wrongs and sufferance, and at length o'er-
fraught,
Poured out its wrath like a tempestuous sea,
Then in the weakness of vacuity,
The reflux of its bitterness hath brought
Back to my changeful bosom many a thought
Of peace, goodwill, and love, and charity!

So when some wheeling wave hath burst the
bounds,

Which for awhile its gathering rage repressed ;
And with wild rush the spreading deluge drowns
Fields by the liberal hands of Flora drest ;
Its ebbing stream sweeps from the flowery grounds
Some buds of sweetness to its briny breast !

VII.

STANZAS.

To * * *.

AND must Thou sink beneath the storms of Fate,
Ah, gentle heart ! so tender and so true !

Who loved me in a world of pain and hate,
And “ did for me what none beside would do ;”
And though *thy* sorrows wore as dark a hue,
Met me with smiles—who could no smiles repay,
And to my cold embrace with rapture flew.

Content, if thou couldst charm some cares away,
As on that faithful breast tranquil awhile I lay.

Yes! the world's hardened virtues may look down
 On faults like thine with unforgiving eye ;
 Some saintly Hypocrite austere frown,
 Whose creed affords no place for Charity ;
 Some scornful sister sweep indignant by,
 In self-applause of her own bloodless heart,
 Which shuts from Love what thou couldst not
 deny ;——

Such may look on thee suffering, and depart
 Haply, “ to thank their God they are not as thou art.”

But in that page where kindness is recorded,
 Shall thy name stand in lines of living light ;
 And in that hour when goodness is rewarded,
 Thou shalt find favour in that Being's sight
 Who will thy pilgrimage on earth requite
 With joys immortal, and among the blest
 Place thee in bowers of Eden, pure and bright.—
 If these be dreams, at least there is one breast
 Where, though all fade beside, thy memory still shall
 rest.

VIII.

SOLITUDE.

A Sonnet.

ALAS! o'er past delights I cannot brood,
For joy with me was ever dashed with pain :
Before my eyes, in swift and shadowy train,
Wild dreams flit by, and maddening thoughts intrude
Into the stillness of my solitude,
Which well might drive me to the world again,
Did I not know it vainest of the vain,
To fly for solace to a scene so rude.

Thou hast thy terrors, Solitude ! yet best
With thee the wounded heart may soothe its woes ;
Best in thy calm its pulses may repose ;
Unless it throb in some self-torturing breast,
Which hopes no refuge, and can know no rest,
Till over it the deep cold grave shall close.

IX.

SONNET.

To a Star.

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

THERE is a Star whose deep and tender light
Shines on me duly from the evening sky,
Radiant and mild, as if a Seraph's eye
Shed comfort o'er my soul ; and at the sight
Of its sweet beam my spirit wings its flight
Up to that placid orb, where, for each sigh
It meets, or seems to meet, such sympathy,
As makes it half forget its earthly blight.

Fair Traveller! yet awhile protract thy stay,
Thou ne'er may'st visit these sad eyes again;
Ere thou shalt tread once more thy glorious way,
I may have left these scenes of care and pain.
If so, sweet Star, one parting boon I crave—
As now thou shinest, then shine upon my grave.

X.

SONNET.

To the same Star.

LIGHT's lingering glories in the west decay:
Now Earth and Heaven resume their evening hue;
And in the deepening scene I soon shall view
That constant Star, whose mild but radiant ray,
Bashfully shrinking from the glare of day,
Looks on me nightly like an eye of blue;
Yes! now I mark its meek beam trembling
through
Its twilight veil, which melts at length away.

Hail Thou, that to my fancy hast supplied
The semblance of a fond neglected heart,
Thrust in the insolence of power aside,
Waiting till Fortune's noon-tide beams depart,
To prove,—oh triumph for a virtuous pride!—
How true e'en then, how changeless still thou art.

XI.

To ———.

1.

IF in the world's unthinking throng,
My harp's wild numbers reach thine ear,
The passionate sounds should thrill along
Thy heartstrings, like a dirge of fear.

2.

For well thou knowest they are not sighs,
Breathed in the wantonness of sorrow,
But bursting from a heart which lies
Sunk in a night which sees no morrow.

3.

Fruitless were now thy fondest smile,
 Thy dearest kiss would now be vain,
 Thou hast no charm can e'er beguile
 My soul to seek thy love again.

4.

Would I could deem as once I deemed,
 That Faith might yet be found on Earth!
 Would I had still unwakened dreamed,
 That Woman yet was *something* worth!

5.

Oh! how my spirit once would melt
 E'en at thy name; and bowed before thee
 In rapturous awe, how oft hath felt
 Itself scarce worthy to adore thee!

6.

And it had ever been the same
 In Love—Devotion—Truth ;—but thou
 With a cold caution quenched the flame,
 And left it—all that it is now !

7.

Alone at this calm hour of Even,
 Wearied with scenes of earthly care,
 I lift my languid glance to Heaven,
 And meet with thy remembrance there ;

8.

Yon Star which gilds the darkening sky,
 We've watched when once it shone as brightly :—
 Seems it not now as if the eye
 Of Love looked down to chide thee nightly ?

Ah, no ;—my soul mistook—the thought
Would never reach a heart like thine ;
Nature hath round thy bosom wrought
A firmer fence than grief round mine.

XII.

THE PROGRESS OF EVIL*.

"Twas on a wild November night,
 While listening to the gusty wind,
 And watching the taper's dying light,
 That a vision of woe fell o'er my mind.

* Since the above was written, I have met with a Poem by Dyer, in which, though the execution was different, there were some extraordinary coincidences of thought and expression. As far as recollection will serve, I had never seen the verses before, and if my own were of any value, I might be tempted to exclaim with him who feared he lived in too late an age for originality, "*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!*"

Long had I mused on sorrow and sin,
 The terrors of Death and the dreams of Hell ;
 No joy from without, and no hope within,
 Came to me then those thoughts to quell.

I seemed to roam in a forest vast,
 By the lightning's flash alone illumed,
 When the Spirit of Ill before me passed,
 Borne on the wings of the rushing blast
 To ravage the earth ; while I was doomed
 To witness the deeds of waste and ruin,
 Which he in his fiendish mirth was doing.

A babe sat on his mother's knee :
 He was his mother's only joy ;
 The Spirit of Evil strangled the boy ;—
 And the Spirit of Evil laughed to see
 The mother's maddening agony !

The son was with his aged sire,
 In a valley lone and drear;—
 The Spirit whispered in his ear—
 And he turned to his sire, with eyes of fire,
 “ Give up thy gold,
 Thou dotard old,
 And take this steel in exchange from me.”——
 How the Spirit laughed to see
 The old man meekly yield his life
 Beneath the strokes of the murderer’s knife !

We have another deed to do,
 The Spirit said, and away he flew,
 Riding upon a murky cloud
 Which shadowed the city that slept beneath,
 Well might it seem that city’s shroud ;
 For he breathed upon it, and his breath
 Was rank with poison, plague and death !

Ah ! how the Spirit in his glee
Held his sides and laughed to see
The sister drop dead while aiding the brother,
And the baby suck death from its dying mother.

Onward still the Spirit passed,
 Plague and famine in his train,
 O'er a tyrant's wide domain ;
While on every side he cast
Rage, Revenge, Rebellion, Slaughter ;—
Blood flowed through the land like water !
The Spirit laughed to see the nation
Working its own desolation,
For few survived the deadly strife,
'Twas blood for blood, and life for life !

Thus on he passed from clime to clime,
Till the whole earth was one wide crime.

The guardian spirits of good were flown,
 "And at length," he cried, "'tis all my own;
 Freedom, Virtue—all are past,
 Nature, thou shalt perish last!"
 He stamped—the mountains felt the shock,
 Quivered to their base, and fell;
 He called—and bade the fiends unlock
 'The all-devouring flames of Hell!
 The sea was lost—the earth was gone—
 Evil had nought to feed upon;
 Ruin on itself had preyed,
 Destruction's self was now decayed!

The Spirit paused awhile at the sight;—
 Then flapped his wings with a fierce delight,
 And off to other worlds he flew,
 As he here had done, to do.

XIII.

IMPROMPTU.

To * *.

1.

MY heart, thou sayest, is “*cold and hard*”—

Too deep the truth may be!

Yet thus ’twas framed by Love to guard

What there was left by thee.

2.

Thy image on that *rock* impressed,

The longer must endure;

And in that shrine of *ice* will rest,

As long untouched and pure!

XIV.

REVERIE.

A Sonnet.

THERE is a rapture when the spirit springs
 From its dull clay, and seeks and finds meet food
 In far-off dreams, for that least mortal mood
 Which hurries us, as with an angel's wings,
 Into the deep of Heaven, while loveliest things,
 Palpably bright, people our solitude,
 And when not vainly may the Muse be wooed
 By him whose hand dares sweep the sounding
 strings.—

Uphold me yet awhile—I would not sink
Back to yon dim-seen earth ; upon the brink
Of the eternal gulph I seem to stand,
Breathless with hope ;—oh ! for some aiding
hand
Whose touch would sever life's remaining link,
And waft me over to yon golden sand !

XV.

To ————

I.

Oh! might I teach those placid lips
 A duty yet they never knew,
 And sigh there, till in soft eclipse,
 I marked how gradual passion drew,
 Over those swimming orbs of blue,
 Their veiling lids, whose jetty fringe
 Would rest upon the flushing tinge
 Which o'er thy changing cheek Feeling's sweet magic
 threw!

II.

Clasped to that bosom's snowy swell,
Where yet Love never dared to rest,
Might I but for a moment dwell,
And feel to mine that young heart pressed,
Sure I could tempt it from its nest
In Joy's bewildering maze to wander,
Till wiser—warmer—wilder—fonder,
Faint with delight—too richly, deeply, blest,
It left its gentle Mistress melting on my breast!

XVI.

STANZAS.

I.

IF the world could be kind, and all life be as bright
 As the friends and the moments I prove here to-
 night,

My soul ne'er could sigh for a joy beyond earth,
 Living here in an Eden of Wisdom and Mirth !

But the World's a rude scene

Of delusion and hate ;

And no Friendship can screen

From the stern hand of Fate !

II.

Oh! speak to me, friends! ere my spirit declines,
I have leaned on your love, but my proud heart
repines

To think ye have borne with my frailties so long,
And I but repaid your kind cares with a song!

Yet though worthless the strain,

Still it flows from the heart;

And the notes shall remain

As from life we depart,

Proving still to the last,

Though the grave close between,

That such moments have passed

And such friendships have been!

XVII.

To * * *.

1.

If care hath dimmed that angel form,
 Yet in those deep and azure eyes
 Beauty still beams, as through the storm
 We catch some glimpses of the skies.

2.

The calm of happier days is there,
 A tender, pure, and heavenly light,
 Which well might teach the world to spare
 The curse of its condemning blight.

3.

Oh! who that meets that glance of blue,
And gazes on its ray serene,
But feels that Virtue leaves its hue
Where it has once so brightly been.

4.

Yes! though across thy youthful days
Fate may have thrown a lingering stain,
Still in that sweet unclouded gaze
Purity—Truth—and Peace remain.

5.

Would that a wish, a prayer of mine
Could waft thee from this troubled sphere,
To orbs where sister-seraphs shine,
Far from the woes which wait thee here.

6.

For storms are gathering darkly round,
 And snares on all thy steps attend,
 And hardly shall the faith be found
 To guide and guard thee to the end.

7.

At Misery's touch these charms will fly,
 Those eyes shall fail—that cheek must fade,—
 And Man can pass unpitying by
 The ruin which himself hath made!

8.

Ah! who the thoughtless crowds among,
 Which round thee bowed in Pleasure's bower,
 Will then forsake the festal throng,
 To soothe and cheer thy parting hour!

9.

Oh ! pardon if this mournful lay
Hath given thy breast one moment's pain.—
Come, let me kiss that tear away,
And let me see thee smile again.

10.

Nay, do not weep ; 'tis ours to bear
Whatever lot on Earth is given ;
And hope, through all, that every care
At last will be repaid in Heaven !

XVIII.

PARTING.

*To * * *.*

I.

FORGIVE, if all joyless I gaze on that eye,
 Though beside it the sapphire shine dim,
 Forgive if I turn from this cup with a sigh,
 When your kiss has just sweetened the brim.
 Oh! to know that the lips which now hallow my bowl,
 Will perhaps be impressed there no more,
 Is a thought which must give a fresh grief to a soul
 Which had, ah! all too many before!

II.

There are pangs in this heart dwelling deep and
unknown,
Which no bliss, e'en with you can beguile ;
Though I own that some moments have brilliantly
flown,
Since illumed by the light of that smile.
But pardon, dear love, if a cloud hath o'ercast
This hour which to joy should be given,
Though sweet still, I feel that perhaps 'tis the last
Which can e'er be allowed us by Heaven !

III.

We but flatter our hearts with these fanciful schemes,
And devise future pleasures in vain ;
As the world-wearied wretch, who of happiness
dreams,
But must wake to delusion and pain.

The wild flash of hope, which now beams from your
eye,
Is a death-light that burns o'er a tomb,
A meteor that shoots through the dark stormy sky,
But to plunge us yet deeper in gloom.

XIX.

*To * * *.*

I.

YOU know not, love, how heavily
This heart within me lies ;
You know not, love, how wearily
With me each moment flies.
From the depth of those dark eyes,
As from Pleasure's inmost shrine,
Though the lights of love arise,
Yet they flash in vain on mine !

II.

E'en with you no rays of gladness
Can again my looks illumine,
For the gathering load of sadness
Presses on me like a tomb.
And vainly with my doom
Hath my spirit striven awhile,
For the chill and murky gloom
Quelled and quenched the rising smile.

III.

But while leaning on that breast, love,
Sweet thoughts my senses steep :
And when in those arms I rest, love,
A calm so pure and deep
O'er my heart I feel to creep,
That its crushed pulse aches no more,
And the serpent seems to sleep,
Which was feeding at its core!

XX.

To ———.

1.

THE glow of wild desire but flushed
 A moment o'er my changing cheek ;
 And through my bosom passion rushed,
 But left its pulses doubly weak.
 I must away, I do not seek
 A sweeter lip or livelier eye,
 Rapture to me can never speak
 In tones more dear than in that sigh !

II.

But, oh! forgive a wretched heart,
Which cannot quell the wayward mood
Which prompts it e'en from thee to part,
Over its own despair to brood :—
Why, why did such a guest intrude
Before a spirit bright as thine?—
Ah, let it to its solitude,
And pain no other breast but mine !

XXI.

ASSOCIATIONS.

A Sonnet.

OH me ! this air weighs on my brain like lead,
 The shadow of this evening shrouds my heart
 In gloom too well remembered ; hot tears start
 From eyes which well might cease such drops to shed,
 And my wounds open, bleeding as they bled
 Too long !—Oh Time ! all-powerful as thou art,
 When wilt thou bid these memories depart,
 Which shake my soul like whisperings from the dead !

How oft on such an eve, when the full sense
 Of my despair first on my spirit came,
 Have I sat maddening, while a pang intense
 Preyed on my vitals like a withering flame !—
 All sorrows 'Time may soften, but the past
 Still o'er the future its dread shade will cast.

XXII.

SONNET.

Woe unto him within whose feverish breast
There pants a heart, restless yet unemployed,—
Sated with study, and with pleasure cloyed,—
To which Man's vaunted wisdom seems a jest,—
To whose worn pulses Love has lost its zest,—
Dead to the quick delights it once enjoyed,—
Wandering in aimless thought through the world's
void,
But like the patriarch's dove reaching no bower of rest.

Lo! such hath been thy gift to me, oh Life!

This was thy boasted boon, when thou didst free
My soul from active agonizing strife,
To plunge it in the abyss of Vacancy.
Ah! if thy very blessings thus are rife
With woes, why yet do I endure to be.

XXIII.

SONNET.

To the Moon.

I LOOKED at midnight on the silent sky,
And watched the Moon as with majestic pride
Up the empyreal arch she seemed to ride,
Unmatched, alone, in maiden dignity ;
And though I viewed her with a lover's eye,
'Twas not as if she were an earthly bride,
But my affections, raised and purified,
Worshipped her with a spiritual ecstasy.

Sweet Moon! I have not gazed upon a face
Since my first days of passion, with a thought
So pure as then within my bosom wrought,
Gazing on thine ; where 'twas my joy to trace
The lineaments of One who seemed to have caught
From thee her placid smiles and tranquil grace.

XXIV.

SONNET.

To ———.

A HEART as kind as ever made abode
In mortal bosom,—and an eye still bright
Though youth hath passed away,—a spirit light
As if upon life's rough and thorny road
It ne'er had journeyed, nor had felt the load
Of earth's infirmities,—have in my sight
Given thee a charm which Time can never blight,
Though all decay which Beauty once bestowed.

Oh! late may be the winter which would chill
The genial tide which circles in that breast;
And late the hour that comes (since come it will)
To call thee hence to rapture—or to rest;
And long thy memory, waking Love's sweet thrill,
Teach them to bless, who here by thee were blest.

XXV.

FRAGMENT

OF

A SATIRICAL POEM,

ENTITLED,

“ Good Sort of People.”

THE things which circle round an evening fire,
The sage, by turns, will envy and despise ;
They look no farther than the day's desire,
And daily life possesses in their eyes
Such interest and importance, as supplies
The cravings of all thought, and to the brim
Fills up the measure of their faculties ;
They feel their being in each healthful limb,
No cheek is pale with thought, no eye with study dim.

Theirs is that better wisdom which can reap
 Joy or content from every passing hour ;
 They smile and know not why, or if they weep,
 Their tears are transient as a summer shower.
 What are to them the passions, and their power ?
 Their hate is folly—their love idleness—
 In Misery's hovel or in Pleasure's bower,
 Scarce wakes the torpid heart ; yet not the less
 They in their petty world hope, fear, torment, and bless.

* * * * *

Here the spruced lover, with a fond grimace,
 Turns tenderly to some sweet simpering she ;
 Calls up a rapture in his foolish face,
 And stares on hers with apeline ecstacy.
 Ah ! happy pair, may ye for ever be
 Happy as now ! for me, I would not shake
 Your trusting faith in Love's divinity ;
 Too happy, if the spell may never break.—
 If bliss be but a dream, why should we ever wake ?

Here “*lovely Woman*” has the homage due ;
 The “*softer sex !*” that bright and angel throng !
 Some have seen faults,—(Swift’s Strephon saw
 some too)

Yet have they graced each amorous harper’s song,
 Have been be-goddessed and be-graced so long,
 That Heaven forbid, *I* of their praise should stint
 them,

True, I’ve some notions—but perhaps ’twere
 wrong—

So though in conversation I might hint them,
 Nothing shall e’er induce the modest Muse to print
 them.

* * * * *

XXVII.

BALLAD STANZAS.

WHEN pain and hatred hemmed me round
 In life's young years,
One faithful hand at least I found
 To dry my tears ;
One soothing voice, whose dulcet sound
 Hushed my wild fears—
One heart to mine was ever bound
 In life's young years.

But now I am alone indeed—
 Hope disappears ;
I smile—but there is none to heed,
 I sigh—none hears !
I wither like the worthless weed,
 But shed no tears,
For I feel I shall no solace need
 In a few short years.

XXVIII.

AN INVITATION.

To ———.

1.

COME to me, love, my spirit pines
 Beneath the withering blight of care,
And every flower of hope declines
 Which blossomed once so brightly there;
Come to me, love, as fond and free
 As when we last shared Pleasure's thrill;
Come to me, love, and let me see
 Earth has a joy can touch me still !

2.

If those dear lips again shall press
 With nectarous kiss my mantling bowl,
The draught which long hath ceased to bless,
 Once more may warm my kindling soul;

And if the still-remembered strain
 Once more from that sweet voice I hear,
 My heart will love those sounds again,
 And Music, as before, be dear !

3.

And then if to the Harp I turn,
 My hand however rude may shew
 How much a minstrel's art may learn,
 Beneath that eye's inspiring glow :
 Love from the soul's most secret mine
 The rarest gems of thought can draw,
 Who pierces with his glance divine
 Through worlds which Wisdom never saw !

THE END.

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